

THIS MAGAZINE IS

# HAUNTED

THESE MURKY SWAMPS  
HIDE A SPINE CHILLING  
AND GRUESOME TALE  
READ IT... IF YOU DARE

10¢



DR. DEATH







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





Ken Grimm BEFORE mailing coupon

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

from this  
Bloodless Pitiful

**SKINNY  
SHRIMP**  
to this



**NEW  
MUSCULAR  
RED-BLOODED  
HEAD-TO-TOE  
HE-MAN!**

Ken  
GRIMM  
AFTER  
MAILING  
COUPON

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the Coupon  
below as I did!

May be **LAST**  
**CHANCE** be-  
fore \$1 price  
goes back!

GET ALL THESE  
PICTURE-  
PACKED  
COURSES

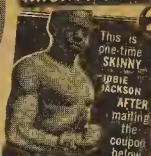
**5  
FREE**

If you mail  
coupon NOW!

Millions  
have been sold  
at \$1.



**HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY CHEST**



**HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY ARM**



**HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY BACK**



**HOW TO MOLD A  
MIGHTY GRIP**



**HOW TO MOLD  
MIGHTY LEGS**  
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

I just

**GAINED  
35 NEW LBS.  
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED  
MUSCLES!**

You can do the same  
as I and **THOUSANDS** have  
You can add 10 inches to your **CHEST**  
6 inches to each **ARM** and  
the rest in proportion as I did.

**NO!** friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more  
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.  
Besides getting **ALL 5** Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS  
you'll **ALSO** get **FREE** a big **BOOK** of **PHOTOS** of **STRONG MEN** HAVE BEEN  
and **BOYS** who were **WEAKLINGS** like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon **SOLD FOR \$1**)

**THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU**

**LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON**

**NAME** \_\_\_\_\_ **MUSCULAR METER** \_\_\_\_\_  
**ADDRESS** \_\_\_\_\_ **DATE** \_\_\_\_\_

Dept. CH47

Tell Me How To

WIN \$100, etc.

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING**  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.  
Dear George, Please mail in my **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Shrine, plus all 5 **HE-MAN** Guided  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One  
Volume: How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN. Enclosed find 10¢  
for postage and handling (no C.O.D.s)

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**ADDRESS** \_\_\_\_\_  
**CITY** \_\_\_\_\_ **ZONE** \_\_\_\_\_ **STATE** \_\_\_\_\_

**MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS AND DOLLARS!**

**HOW YOU**

**CAN WIN  
A BIG 15" TALL  
SILVER CUP**  
as I just did  
and how to  
**WIN \$100.**



**THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED**

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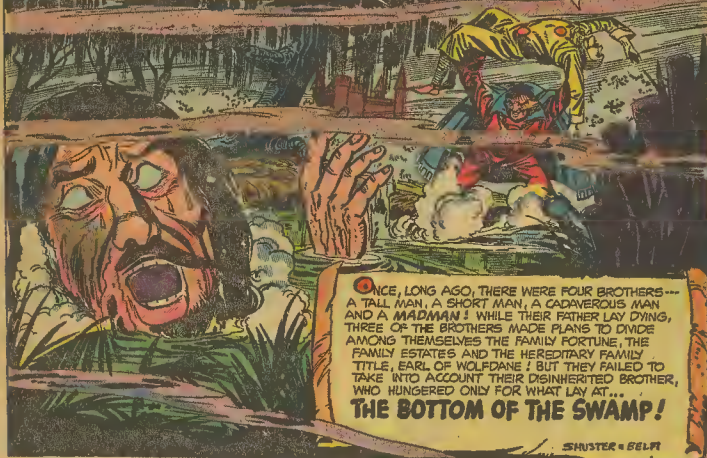


DR. DEATH Presents

# THE LAST EARL!

NOW YOU ARE ALL DOOMED TO DIE IN THE SWAMP, MY HATED BROTHERS! AND I... XANADU... BECOME THE THIRTEENTH EARL OF WOLFANE!

AIEEEEEEE!



ONCE, LONG AGO, THERE WERE FOUR BROTHERS... A TALL MAN, A SHORT MAN, A CADAVEROUS MAN AND A MADMAN! WHILE THEIR FATHER LAY DYING, THREE OF THE BROTHERS MADE PLANS TO DIVIDE AMONG THEMSELVES THE FAMILY FORTUNE, THE FAMILY ESTATES AND THE HEREDITARY FAMILY TITLE, EARL OF WOLFANE! BUT THEY FAILED TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT THEIR DISINHERITED BROTHER, WHO HUNGRED ONLY FOR WHAT LAY AT...

**THE BOTTOM OF THE SWAMP!**

SHUSTER • BELF

THE NINTH EARL OF WOLFANE WAS OLD... HIS MOMENTS WERE NUMBERED. AND WHILE HIS LIFE SWIFTLY EBBED AWAY, ONE OF HIS SONS READ FROM AN ANCIENT TOME IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE...

...WHEN THREE SACRIFICES HAVE BEEN HURLED INTO ITS MIDST, THE DREADED SWAMP WILL SURRENDER A VAST TREASURE TO THE ONE STRONG ENOUGH TO CLAIM IT!



FATHER IS DEAD, UGLY ONE... AND I AM THE TENTH EARL! GASCON... TAKE THE WEIRD BOOK FROM OUR MONSTROUS BROTHER! ME... THINKS HE BELIEVES TOO MUCH IN FAIRY STORIES AND LEGENDS OF THE DEVIL!

N-NO... I BEG OF YOU, ULRIC...



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE BOOK TELLS OF  
MAGIC POWERS IN THE  
SWAMP...OF A FANTASTIC  
TREASURE AT THE BOTTOM  
OF... ARGHHH!

STOP YOUR PRATTLING,  
IDIOT! QUICK...GASCON,  
MORDRED...BURN THE  
CURSED BOOK!



NOW LISTEN WELL, XANADU! THIS LUNACY ABOUT  
SEARCHING IN THE SWAMP IS TO CEASE, UNDER-  
STAND? FOR EVEN IF YOU DO DISCOVER A FOR-  
TUNE BENEATH THAT EVIL MUCK, THE TREASURE  
GOES TO THE REIGNING EARL  
OF WOLFDANE...AND YOU  
ARE THE **LAST** IN LINE  
OF SUCCESSION!



HIDEOUS XANADU FLED FROM THE CASTLE, HIS  
BROTHERS' RAUCOUS LAUGHTER THUNDERING IN HIS  
EARS, DOWN TO THE SWAMP HE WENT, TO DREAM...  
AND PLOT...

ON XANADU'S CUNNING BRAIN A PLAN SLOWLY EVOLVED.  
AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER...

ULRIC IS THE TENTH EARL...GASCON WILL BE  
THE ELEVENTH, AND MORDRED THE TWELFTH!  
WHEN I AM CROWNED THIRTEENTH EARL OF  
WOLFDANE I WILL BE FREE TO DO AS I PLEASE!  
AND THAT DAY IS NOT FAR OFF! **NOT...**  
HEH HEH... **FAR OFF!**



THE KING'S COURIER RIDES THIS WAY... FROM HIS  
SPEED I IMAGINE IT IS A MESSAGE OF GREAT

IMPORTANCE HE  
CARRIES! MY LONG  
VIGIL IS ABOUT TO  
BE REWARDED!



OOOHH! HELP  
ME... I BEG  
OF YOU...

W-WHAT? WHO IS IT...WHY  
ARE YOU LURKING IN THE  
BUSHES?



M-MY LEG...I FEAR  
IT IS SHATTERED!  
HERE...THIS WAY...  
HELP ME!

IT'S DARK IN THIS STINK-  
ING JUNGLE...I CAN'T  
SEE A THING!





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WHERE IN HEAVEN'S NAME ARE YOU? I'M ON AN IMPORTANT MIS...  
GNGGGG!

THIS, TOO IS IMPORTANT!



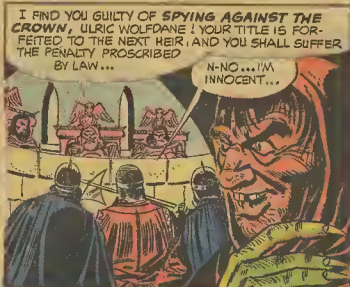
S-SECRET PAPERS ADDRESSED TO THE GARRISON COMMANDER AT FORT GEORGE! JUST WHAT I NEED FOR MY...AH...**GIFT**...TO DEAR ULRIC!  
HEH HEH HEH!

HURRYING BACK TO WOLFDANE CASTLE, CRAFTY XANADU CREEPT STEALTHILY TOWARD ONE OF THE DREARY BED-CHAMBERS...

XANADU DID HIS FATEFUL WHISPERING THAT SAME NIGHT, INTO THE EAR OF THE KING'S HIGH JUDGE, ULRIC WAS SEIZED...THE STOLEN PAPERS FOUND...A TRIAL ORDERED.



THE KING'S COURIER NEVER SAW MY FACE... POSSESSION OF THE SECRET ORDERS IS THE ONLY DAMNING EVIDENCE THE HIGH JUDGE WILL BE ABLE TO FIND! AND WHEN I WHISPER THAT I ACCIDENTALLY SAW ULRIC HIDING THE STOLEN DOCUMENTS HERE IN HIS ROOM!



I FIND YOU GUILTY OF **SPYING AGAINST THE CROWN**, ULRIC WOLFDANE! YOUR TITLE IS FORFEITED TO THE NEXT HEIR! AND YOU SHALL SUFFER THE PENALTY PROSCRIBED  
BY LAW...

N-NO...I'M INNOCENT...



FOR READING SECRET DOCUMENTS NOT INTENDED FOR YOUR EYES, ULRIC WOLFDANE, YOU SHALL SUFFER THE LOSS OF YOUR **SIGHT**! TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEONS, EXECUTE MY SENTENCE, THEN RELEASE THE PRISONER!

P-PLEASE... HAVE MERCY...



N-NO...  
**NO!**  
**AIEEEEE!**

SUFFER, ULRIC...FOR PLOTTING WITH MY OTHER BROTHERS AGAINST ME! NOW YOU ARE BLIND AND SHORN OF POWER...AND I MUST SCHEME AGAINST GASCAN, THE **ELEVENTH** EARL OF WOLFDANE!

# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

ULRIC WAS RELEASED IN THE CUSTODY OF HIS BROTHER GASCON, NOW THE REIGNING EARL OF WOLFDANE, AND XANADU WENT OFTEN TO THE GHASTLY SWAMP, TO BROOD...AND PLOT...

MY FIRST STEP TOWARD THE TITLE... AND FREEDOM TO SEARCH FOR THE GREAT TREASURE HERE IN THE SWAMP... IT'S ACCOMPLISHED! NOW... HEH HEH...IT'S GASCON'S TURN!



AGHHHHHHH!

TIGHT ENOUGH SO THAT HE LOSES HIS SENSES...BUT NOT SO SNUG A FIT AS TO KILL THE MAN! IT'S THE COINS I WANT... FOR EVIDENCE AGAINST GASCON!



THE GROTESQUE PENALTY WAS PAID, AMID SCREECHES OF AGONY. THEN THE PRISONER WAS RELEASED TO THE CUSTODY OF HIS SUCCESSOR...MORDRED, TWELFTH EARL OF WOLFDANE!

ULRIC AND GASCON HAVE BEEN TAKEN CARE OF...NOW TO SCHEME AGAINST THE LAST MAN STANDING BETWEEN ME AND THE SWAMP TREASURE!



A WEEK PASSED...A WEEK IN WHICH XANADU DREAMED CONSTANTLY OF THE FABULOUS TREASURE REPUTEDLY BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HIDEOUS SWAMP AT THE EDGE OF THE WOLFDANE ESTATE, THEN...

THE KING'S TAX COLLECTOR...WALKING RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!



ONCE AGAIN TREACHEROUS XANADU WHISPERED TO THE HIGH JUDGE. ONCE AGAIN A SEARCH WAS MADE, EVIDENCE FOUND AND A TRIAL ORDERED...

YOU...GASCON WOLFDANE...ARE GUILTY OF STEALING THE KING'S TAX MONEY! SEIZE HIM, GUARDS...AND TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEON! THE TRADITIONAL PUNISHMENT SHALL BE HIS...CUT OFF THE HANDS OF THE THIEF!



SEVERAL DAYS PASSED, AS XANADU DREAMED OF THE FUTURE BESIDE THE COZY SWAMP. THEN AN INSPIRATION CAME TO HIM...

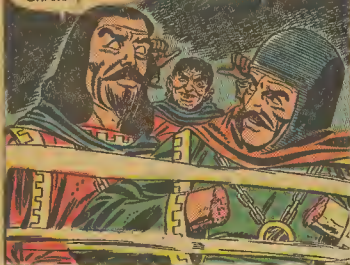
HERE THEY COME, AS I KNEW THEY WOULD! IMAGINE THE FOOLS...THINKING THEY ARE ABOUT TO GAIN VENGEANCE ON THE MAN WHO INFORMED AGAINST THEM! HEH HEH HEH!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

DO YOU SEE HIM, GASCON...  
THIS INFORMER XANADU...  
SAID WOULD BE HERE  
BESIDE THE HATEFUL  
SWAMP.

W-WATCH OUT,  
ULRIC! BEHIND  
YOU...



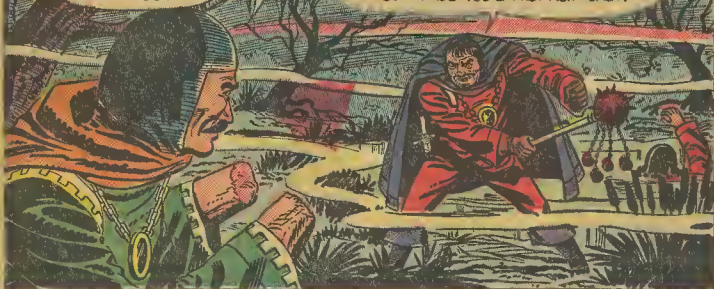
W-WHO...  
WHO...?  
YEEEE!

Y-YOU ARE THE TREACHEROUS ONE  
XANADU...THE HATED INFORMER  
WHO PLOTTED TO DESTROY YOUR  
OWN BROTHERS!



YOU HURLED POOR ULRIC TO HIS DEATH IN  
THE SWAMP! I'LL GET VENGEANCE WITH MY  
BARE HANDS...

YOU OVERLOOK SOMETHING, FOOLISH GASCON!  
YOUR HANDS...THE LAW TOOK THEM! AND  
WITHOUT HANDS YOU CANNOT FIGHT BACK!



EVEN WITHOUT  
HANDS I  
WILL...  
ARGHHH!

YOU WILL JOIN  
ULRIC, IN THE  
MURKY DEPTHS  
OF THE SWAMP!  
HEH HEH  
HEH!

ULRIC IS THE FIRST SACRIFICE  
DEMANDED BY THE SWAMP  
DEMONS...GASCON IS THE  
SECOND! NOW TO PLACE EVI-  
DENCE AROUND THE BANK...  
EVIDENCE WHICH POINTS TO  
MORDRED!



FOR THE THIRD TIME DECEITFUL  
XANADU WHISPERED TO THE HIGH  
JUDGE. AGAIN A SEARCH WAS  
MADE AND A TRIAL ORDERED...

THESE STRIPS OF CLOTH FOUND  
HIDDEN IN YOUR CHAMBER...CLOTH  
MATCHING STRIPS FOUND BESIDE  
THE SWAMP...PROVE THAT YOU  
MURDERED YOUR BROTHER'S,  
MORDRED WOLFDANE!  
YOU SHALL PAY  
THE EXTREME  
PENALTY AS  
PROSCRIBED  
BY LAW!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AND SO, AMID SCREAMS OF ANGUISH, MORDRED... TWELFTH EARL OF WOLFEDANE WAS DRAGGED TO THE DUNGEONS. THERE, HE SUFFERED THE GASTLY FATE OF A CONNCTED MURDERER...

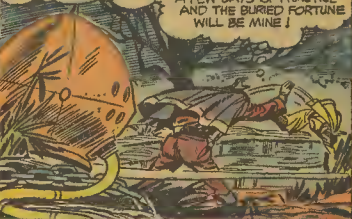
AIEEE  
EE!

YOUR HEART! KILLER OF YOUR OWN BROTHERS...IT SHALL BE TORN FROM YOUR BODY!



XANADU, THE LONE SURVIVOR OF THE ILL-FATED FAMILY, HAD BECOME THE THIRTEENTH EARL OF WOLFEDANE! CLAIMING MORDRED'S CORPSE, HE JOURNEYED TO HIS FAVORITE BURIAL VAULT...

THE THIRD SACRIFICE TO THE SWAMP DEMON...JUST AS IT WAS WRITTEN! RIDICULE ME AND DESTROY THE ANCIENT BOOK DESCRIBING THE TREASURE, WOULD THEY? HEH HEH! A FEW DAYS OF PRACTICE AND THE BURIED FORTUNE WILL BE MINE!

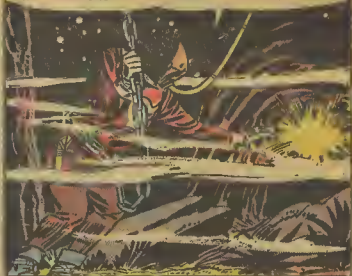


HOUR AFTER HOUR, XANADU WORKED FRANTICALLY ON HIS CURIOUS HELMET! THEN AT LAST HE WAS READY...

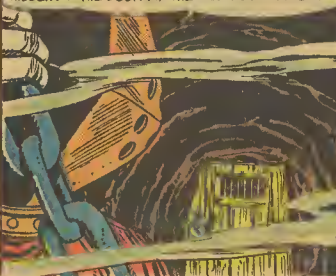
WITH THIS HEADGEAR I CAN BREATHE UNDER THE SURFACE...AND WITH THIS CHAIN I CAN RAISE OR LOWER MYSELF!



THE SECRET ENTRANCE DESCRIBED IN THE BOOK... I SEE IT OFF IN THE DISTANCE! THIS SLIME...UGH...IT'S CLAMMY AS DEATH! BUT I MUST GO ON... WHAT I'VE HUNGERED FOR IS ALMOST IN MY GRASP!



EVERYTHING THE ANCIENT BOOK DESCRIBED...IT'S COME TRUE! THIS MISERABLE CORRIDOR...IT SHOULD LEAD TO THE CHAMBER IN WHICH MY TREASURE IS HIDDEN! T-THE DOOR AT THE FAR END...THAT'S IT!



OBVIOUS TO THE SLIME CLINGING TO HIS BODY...TO THE ODOR OF DECAY PERMEATING THE GASTLY CHAMBER...XANADU LURCHED WILDLY TOWARD THE ROTTING DOOR...

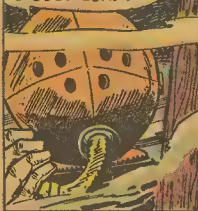
JUST AS THE BOOK PROPHESED...EVERYTHING I DESERVE FOR MY TOIL AND INGENUITY IS INSIDE THAT ROOM.



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE DOOR TO THE HIDDEN CHAMBER SWUNG OPEN, AND XANADU PLUNGED FORWARD TO CLAIM HIS REWARD...

AS THE ANCIENT BOOK PREDICTED, I SHALL RECEIVE WHAT I DESERVE HERE IN...  
**G-GOOD LORD!**



THE BOOK FORETOLD THE TRUTH, TREACHEROUS XANADU... HERE YOU SHALL MEET WITH DESTINY!



**M-MORDRED...**  
RISEN FROM THE PUTREFYING DEAD! MY MIND... I MUST BE GOING MAD! I-I MUST ESCAPE... CRAWL BACK THROUGH THE MUCK...

FOR YEARS YOU HAVE DREAMED AND PLOTTED TO REACH THIS CURSED CHAMBER, XANADU...

...HERE YOU SHALL STAY, TOGETHER WITH THE REWARD YOU HUNGURED FOR!



XANADU FOUGHT LIKE A DEMON, BUT IN A MOMENT HE WAS HURLED TO THE OOZY FLOOR. THEN AN ANCIENT BLADE GLITTERED...

**N-NO...T-THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!**  
YOU...YOU'RE ALL DEAD...I SAW YOU DIE MYSELF! **K-KEEP AWAY...KEEP...**  
**ARGGGHHHHHH!**

STRUGGLING IS FRUITLESS, YOU FOOL! WE WANT WHAT YOU STOLE FROM EACH OF US...AND WE WILL HAVE IT!



THERE WAS A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREECH AND XANADU CEASED HIS FRENZIED WRITHING. THEN...

COME, BROTHERS...AT LAST WE CAN REST IN PEACE. I HAVE BACK MY EYES...

...AND I HAVE HANDS...

...AND I HAVE A HEART!



THE THREE FEARSOME APPARITIONS MOVED OUT OF THE GROTESQUE CHAMBER, LOCKING THE AGE-OLD DOOR BEHIND THEM. AND THERE, ON THE OOZY GROUND...



...WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF XANADU, THIRTEENTH EARL OF WOLFOANE! HIS DREAMS OF TREASURE HAD COME TO...  
*That End*



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

# Bridegroom, Come Back!



WHEN SHE FIRST SEES ME, HER EYES ARE SHINING AND SHE IS RADIANT WITH LOVE ...

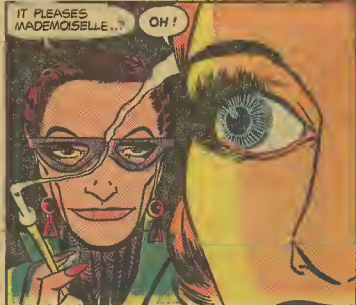


HER HAND TREMBLES AS SHE REACHES FORWARD AND STROKES ME TENDERLY ...



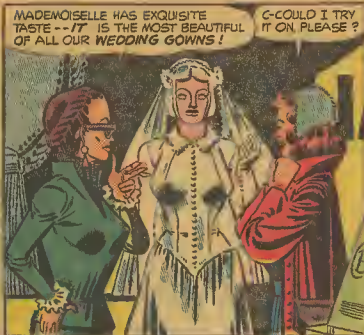
IT PLEASES  
MADMOISELLE...

OH!

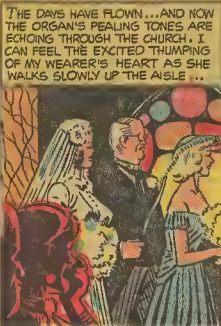


# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

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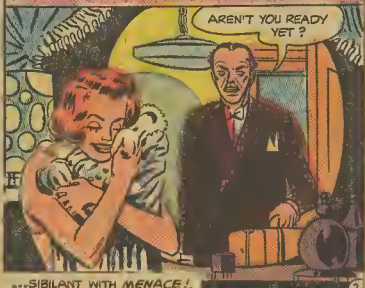
SO WHY AT THIS MOMENT SHOULD I BE RUSTLING WITH DREAD?



BUT I AM ONLY A WEDDING GOWN! MADE OF TAFFETA AND LACE, WITHOUT THE POWERS OF MOVEMENT OR SPEECH! I CANNOT WARN HER!



AFTER THE RECEPTION, LINGUIDLY DISROBING, SHE HOLDS ME IN HER ARMS AND PASSES HER SOFT CHEEK AGAINST ME--- BUT THEN I HEAR HIS VOICE...



...SIBILANT WITH MENACE!..



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THEY HAVE GONE ON THEIR HONEY-MOON...AND I HANG LIMPLY IN THE SOUNDLESS CLOSET, OPPRESSED BY THE DARKNESS, LONGING FOR HER RETURN, LONGING TO BE FONDLED AGAIN BY HER SOFT HANDS... HOPING AGAINST HOPE THAT SHE WILL RETURN!



MONTHS HAVE PASSED--A GLOB OF TIME MADE EXCRUCIATINGLY LONG BY SUSPENSEFUL WAITING... AND AT LAST THE CLOSET DOOR SWINGS SLOWLY OPEN!



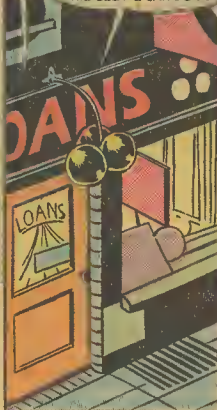
BUT ONLY HE HAS COME! HE ALONE WITH EVIL LURKING IN HIS HEAVY-LIDDED EYES! HE REACHES FORWARD WITH CURVING FINGERS...



...TEARS ME ROUGHLY FROM THE HANGER, THROWS ME OVER HIS SHOULDER, AND STRIDES ACROSS THE ROOM! HE HAS KILLED HER! EVERY THREAD IN ME CRIES OUT SOUNDLESSLY! HE HAS KILLED HER! BUT WHAT CAN I DO...? I AM ONLY A WEDDING GOWN...



HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR IT? IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT HOW MANY PEOPLE COME TO PAWNSHOPS FOR WEDDING GOWNS? TWENTY DOLLARS IS THE BEST I CAN DO...



SO NOW I HANG IN THE GLOOM AND DUST OF THE PAWNSHOP. THE SMELLS ARE SOUR HERE...AND NO BROKE EVER ENTERS.



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT THEN ONE DAY... FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK FOR A WEDDING GOWN. JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE ONE BACK HERE...



THIS GIRL WEARS A THICK VEIL OVER HER FACE. HER VOICE IS FLAT AND DEAD. AND WHEN SHE TOUCHES ME, HER HAND IS COLD...



I'LL TAKE IT!

DON'T YOU WANT IT WRAPPED, MISS?

IT'S ALL RIGHT--I'LL TAKE IT AS IT IS!



SO NOW I AM BEING WORN TO A SECOND WEDDING... BUT SHE HASN'T WASHED ME! STILL GRITTY WITH PAWNSHIP DUST, I ENSHROUD HER PAINFULLY THIN BODY...



THAT'S A PRETTY FANCY OUTFIT FOR A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE WEDDING, DARLING--

THAT VOICE! HE IS THE BRIDEGROOM! THE SAME ONE-- THE KILLER! AND HE PLANS TO KILL THIS POOR GIRL TOO! IF ONLY I COULD CRY OUT...! I TRY NOT TO LISTEN TO THE MUMBLED CEREMONY!



...TO BE YOUR LAW-FUL WEDDED HUSBAND!

I DO!

THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, DARLING-- DID IT? YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF THAT GOWN SOMEWHERE--SO WE CAN START ON OUR HONEYMOON?



NO... I WANT TO WEAR IT!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



HER EYES ARE FIXED ON THE ROAD AHEAD...BUT I SEE WHAT IS IN HIS HAND WHEN HE WITH-DRAWS IT!



AND A MOMENT LATER, THE CAR GRINDS TO A HALT!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THIS IS IT, BABE! NOW HAND OVER THAT PURSE!



HMMMM--- GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE AND NOT SCREAMING. BECAUSE YOU KNOW, BABE, IT WOULDN'T DO YOU A BIT OF GOOD...



PLAMMM!



THE BULLET TEARS THROUGH ME--- CLEANLY THROUGH THE FRONT, JAGGEDLY OUT OF MY BACK!



BUT WHY IS IT TAKING SO LONG FOR HER BLOOD TO BEGIN GUSHING?

N-NO...NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! Y-YOU'RE DEAD!

OF COURSE, I AM DEAD...



I HAVE BEEN DEAD SINCE THE FIRST TIME YOU KILLED ME! I CAME BACK FOR MY BRIDEGROOM! IN MY ORIGINAL WEDDING GOWN, I CAME BACK! AFTER ALL...



... A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE SHOULD BE TOGETHER!



I AM HAPPY NOW, I SHALL NEVER HANG IN A DARK CLOSET AGAIN, GATHERING DUST, ACCUMULATING MOTH HOLES, LONGING TO BE STROKED BY WARM HANDS...



I AM HAPPY, FOR NOW I SHALL BE WORN FOR ALL ETERNITY!!

The End



# THE LAND of NO PLACE

Mrs. Janice Carter did her best to restrain the tears from rolling down her face. But she couldn't control the sob in her voice as she spoke to her husband's two best friends.

"It all started as a joke," she began. "I remember the day little Thelma was blowing soap bubbles. They were so pretty, and then they would break. Little Thelma asked my husband if he could make a big bubble, one that wouldn't go to the land of no place. That was the exact expression she used — the 'land of no place.' And my husband told her he would try to make such a bubble. Need I tell you what has happened to him during the last six months? He gave up his work and classes at the University. He shuts himself in his laboratory all day long. He is thin and ill. Please do something for him, Dr. Graham."

Dr. Graham, Senior Professor in Research Organic Chemistry at the State University, sighed. Far he knew what it meant when a man had a single track mind. It could lead to a mental breakdown.

"I shall do my best to convince Ernest to give up this madness. Dr. Jessup agrees that, unless something is done in a hurry, it will be necessary to have your husband committed to an institution. I'll go over to the laboratory and see if he will speak to us."

The two men left the house and walked a short distance to a stone building. They rang the buzzer, and finally the peep hole in the door opened.

"You have come to spy on me, but it won't do any good," said the man on the other side of the door. "All my work is now finished, so you can come in and watch a demonstration."

The door opened, and Dr. Graham, accompanied by Dr. Jessup, walked along a narrow corridor. There was another door which opened, and then they looked into an empty room.

"My wife has probably been telling you I am crazy," said Ernest Carter. "And I can understand why she feels that way. When I explain to you what I have done, you both will realize that the greatest achievement of this century has taken place. And it is so simple that a child of six can understand it. In fact, little Thelma, who is six, gave me the idea.



In our world we ordinarily think of the fact that everything must occupy space—and space is of three dimensions; having width, height and depth. We all know that, in recent years, there has been discussion about a fourth dimension, which we call time. I have found the fifth dimension. It is spaceless."

"Spaceless?" repeated Dr. Graham. "Everything must be in space. Every child knows that."

"But every child who has ever blown up a bubble and watched it burst wants to know where it has gone. I have found the fifth dimension. I can blow up a special bubble. When this bubble envelopes anything, it just bursts and vanishes with the object into the land of no place. In other words, a journey from space to spaceless. Watch me and you shall see it happen."

Ernest Carter took a small chair and placed it in the center of the room. Then from his hand, in which he held a metallic object, came a spray. A large bubble was formed, which covered the chair. The bubble broke, vanished — and so did the chair.

"Not a bad trick at that," complimented Dr. Graham. "How did you do it? An opening in the floor?"

"No, you think it is a trick?" shouted Ernest Carter. "See how you like this."

From his hand came a spray. A large bubble was formed which covered the two men. They tried to break through it, but couldn't. The bubble broke, vanished, and so did the two men.

"We have a five state alarm out for Dr. Graham and Dr. Jessup," said Police Chief

# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

John Roemer. "Mr. Carter said they left his place. Of course we searched his place from top to bottom. Why should he want to kill them?"

Mrs. Graham turned to Mrs. Jessup, and both women then looked at Mrs. Carter.

"They went to see her husband. He is insane and dangerous. We are certain he did something to our husbands. Why should they want to go away? You are holding Mr. Carter downstairs in jail. Can we see him?"

"Here I am," said a familiar voice, as a startled Police Chief looked at a man who should have been locked up. "Don't worry about your men because I just sent them to the land of no place," continued Mr. Carter. "I'm tired of having people interfere with me. I am going to take over the city. This place will be my headquarters. But first I will get rid of those two women. Watch me and see people vanish before your eyes."

A bubble appeared, enveloped the two women, and, when it burst, they had vanished. Mrs. Carter began to cry, and the expression on the face of the Police Chief showed he just didn't believe what his eyes had seen. But he was rudely snapped out of doubting stage when the voice of Ernest Carter gave an order.

"Get on that phone at once. Call up the Mayor and the Governor. Tell them to surrender everything at once to me. I want ten million dollars — and absolute power. Then I will take over the entire country — and finally the world."

The sirens could be heard outside the building, as five armored cars stopped. Helmeted troops forced people back. Major Edward J. Ritter spoke to the Mayor.

"If this is some kind of a funny gag, there is going to be a lot of trouble. My men are setting up a loud-speaker unit. You can broadcast your message."

The Mayor walked over to a microphone. He could feel his heart beat louder and louder. Then he spoke.

"To the man who is holding the Police Chief and the woman as hostages. You have exactly until the count of ten to surrender. Otherwise we will throw gas bombs and get you either alive or dead."

Ernest Carter walked to the window. He held his hand out and aimed the nozzle of the spray at the cars below.

"I shall send you to the land of no place," he shouted. "How dare you all defy me?"

A film of plastic began to settle down over the cars. The Major decided to take no chances.

"Fire a round of bullets through this soap bubble," he ordered. "That crazy guy thinks he can scare us."

A soldier with a submachine gun in his hand

fired several rounds aimed at the bubble. When the bullets hit the plastic they just rebounded back. A startled Major began to speak. But the words never passed his lips. The armored cars, the soldiers, the officers and all the emergency equipment vanished. And then panic seized the people who had witnessed this strange scene.

"Run for your lives," yelled a woman. "Or we will vanish next!"

Hundreds were killed, as they fell down on the streets and were trampled by those running over them. The panic was contagious, and automobiles smashed into frightened people. The Governor of the state immediately called for help from Washington. In the meantime, he went in person to the street outside the building. He spoke into a microphone.

"I am authorized to tell you that we will do whatever you wish. We are completely at your mercy. Come to the window and give us your orders."

Inside the room Ernest Carter laughed as he heard those words. In the corner he could see his frightened wife seated next to the Police Chief.

"They must think I'm a fool," he announced. "If I go to the window, a man will probably shoot me. But they have a marksman waiting for me just to show my face. My beloved wife, you go to the window. Now listen carefully. I can do without food, drink or sleep. For weeks I have been giving myself special injections. Tell them to go home. This place will be my headquarters. Orders will be given over the phone."

Mrs. Carter went to the window and repeated what her husband had told her. The people below dispersed as had been ordered. Ernest Carter laughed.

"I am master of the entire world. With my bubble I can send people to the land of no place."

The Police Chief had been doing some deep thinking. He got up from his chair and lunged quickly at the man. The two struggled. The mad man was powerful. He smashed at the Police Chief, who went down on the floor.

"Now I'll put you in a bubble and let you vanish," he shouted.

Suddenly the man on the floor pulled the leg of Ernest Carter, who fell down. A bubble appeared, enclosed him and then vanished with the mad man.

"My husband has gone to the land of no place," sobbed Mrs. Carter. "But at least the world is now safe."

"I wonder if he will meet the others," replied the Police Chief. "Or just where do you go when you aren't?"

The End



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THEIR BLIND EYES WERE ALL-SEEING, AS THEY SOUGHT CHARLEY DEFFER EVEN BEHIND WALLS OF STONE AND BARS OF STEEL! AND THEIR DEAD LIMBS PURSUED--AND BONY, BLEACHED-WHITE FINGERS REACHED OUT TO ENSNARE HIM FOR THEIR...

## CARETAKER OF THE DEAD!

THE DEAD HAVE COME FOR YOU, CHARLEY DEFFER!

GET AWAY!  
DON'T STARE AT ME THROUGH THOSE EMPTY EYE SOCKETS!  
Y-YOU'LL NEVER GET ME -- NEVER!

THE GRAVE-STONES STOOD OUT LIKE LEERING YELLOW TEETH IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF THE LOW-HANGING MOON. SCRAWNY, ELFISH CHARLEY DEFFER--HIS SHIFTY EYES DARTING--ASCENDED THE NARROW, ROCK-STREWN ROAD THAT BORDERED THE CEMETERY!

THIS IS THE RACKET! NO MORE GOING HUNGRY FOR ME OR SLEEPING ON HARD BENCHES! THOSE CORPSES ALWAYS GOT RINGS OR SOME STUFF ON 'EM I CAN SELL!

HE MUTTERED ALOUD, JUST TO HEAR THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE OVER THE STILLNESS OF DEATH. HIS BREATH WAS COMING QUICKLY WHEN HE PRESSED OPEN THE CREAKING WROUGHT-IRON GATE.

THERE! THAT'S THE MOST IMPRESSIVE GRAVE! LOTS OF DOUGH WENT INTO ERECTING THAT! I'LL KNOW SOON!

# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THEN, CROUCHING, HE BEGAN TO DIG FEVERISHLY! AN HOUR WENT BY. HE TREMBLED AND SWEATED PROFUSELY FROM THE EFFORT!

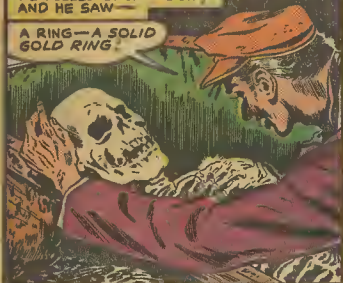


THE COFFIN! I'VE REACHED IT!

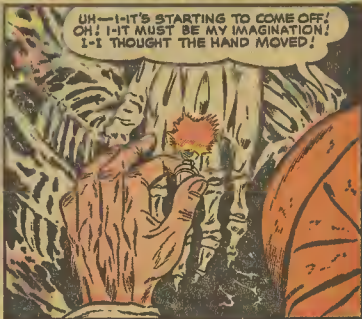


WITH TREMULOUS FINGERS HE PULLED BACK THE LID, AND HE SAW—

A RING—A SOLID GOLD RING!



UH—I-IT'S STARTING TO COME OFF! OH! I-IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION! I-I THOUGHT THE HAND MOVED!



--I-I CAN'T GET THE RING OFF!--NO! IT CAN'T BE! THE HAND'S BECOME A FIST SO I CAN'T REMOVE THE R



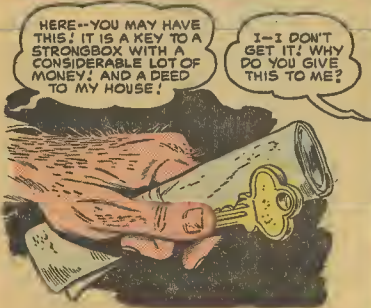
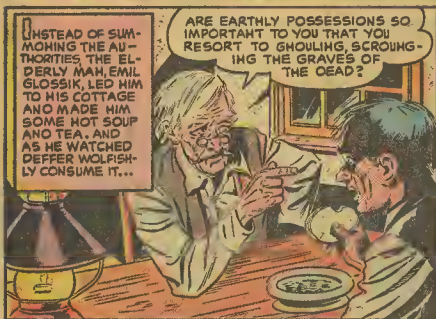
THE RUSH OF COLD HORROR BLOTTED OUT CONSCIOUSNESS FOR ONLY MINUTES--AND WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES, HE LOOKED INTO THE WRINKLED, JAUNDICED FACE OF A MAN WITH A LANTERN!

UP, MAN-- UP, I SAY!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



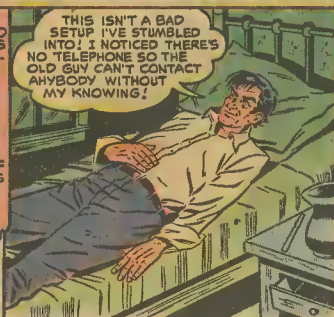
NOW TAKE WHAT I'VE GIVEN YOU AND LEAVE RIGHT AWAY!

OH--I GET IT NOW! THIS JUNK IS WORTHLESS! BUT YOU'VE GIVEN IT TO ME JUST TO GET RID OF ME! YOU'RE SCARED OF ME NOW!

BUT I'M NOT LEAVING! I'M STICKING AROUND HERE FOR THE NIGHT-- MAYBE EVEN A FEW DAYS!



SMIL GLOS-SIK SHRUGGED STOICALLY AS CHARLEY DEFFER PUSHED HIS WAY INTO ONE OF THE ROOMS. HE STRETCHED OUT ON THE BED, RATHER PLEASED WITH HIMSELF NOW. HE WAS WARM--AND HIS HUNGER WAS SATISFIED.



THIS ISN'T A BAD SETUP I'VE STUMBLED INTO! I NOTICED THERE'S NO TELEPHONE SO THE OLD GUY CAN'T CONTACT ANYBODY WITHOUT MY KNOWING!

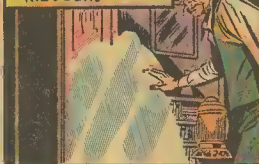


VOICES! SOMEONE'S TALKING WITH THE OLD MAN!

THE LIGHT'S SO DIM! LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF STRANGELY CLOAKED FIGURES! I'LL SEE THEY MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS!



HIS COURAGE BOLSTERED BY A JAGGED KITCHEN KNIFE, DEFFER THREW OPEN THE DOOR WITH A FLOURISH! THE CLOAKED FIGURES HEARD HIS STEP GLIMPSED HIS FACE, THEN BOLTED FOR THE DOOR!

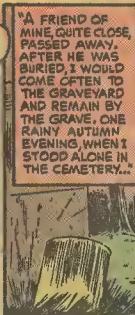
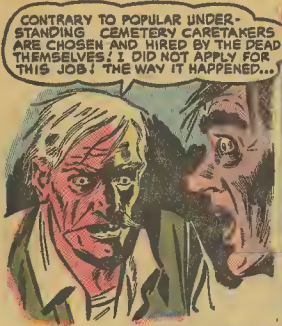
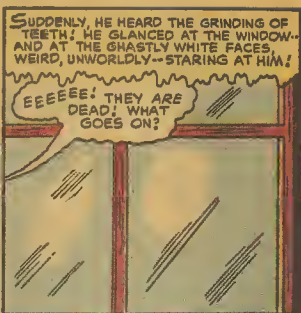


IF ANY OF YOU TRY TO TELL THE POLICE, I'LL-- HEY!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

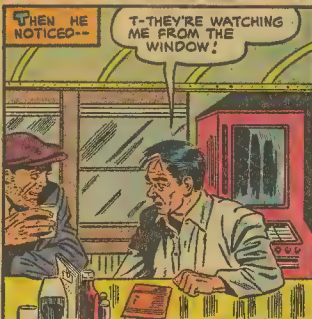


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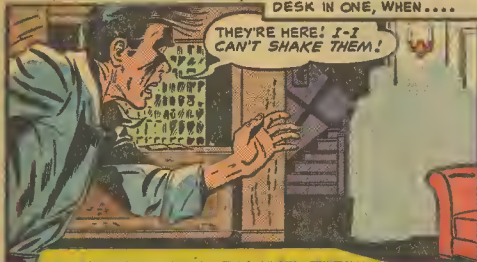
AT THAT INSTANT, THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE DEAD CAME STALKING IN TO STUDY QUIVERING CHARLEY:



HE RAN AND RAN, TERROR QUICKENING HIS STEPS; THEY CHASED HIM, GARISH LAUGHTER FOLLOWING AFTER, AS THOUGH THEY ENJOYED THE SPORT! AND WHEN HE MADE TOWN, HE JUCKED INTO A DINER FOR COFFEE—FEELING SECURE IN THE LIGHT AND COMPANY OF OTHERS:



HE FLED THROUGH SEVERAL HOTELS AND OUT THE BACK, RE-TRACING HIS PATH TO CONFUSE HIS PURSUERS. AND THEN AT LAST, CERTAIN OF HIS EVASION, HE STARTED FOR THE REGISTRY DESK IN ONE, WHEN....



THERE MUST BE SOMEPLACE I CAN GO WHERE THEY CAN'T FOLLOW! THERE MUST BE! OH--YES, I KNOW! IT'S A DESPERATE MEASURE BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT! THAT COP!





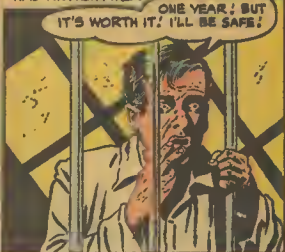
# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



--ANOTHER HAIRBRAINED COP-HATER, EH? I'LL TAKE YOU SOMEPLACE WHERE YOU CAN COOL OFF FOR QUITE A SPELL!



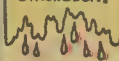
CONVICTED OF ASSAULTING A LAW OFFICER, CHARLEY DEFFER WAS SENTENED TO THE PENITENTIARY, AS HE HAD ANTICIPATED.



BY THAT TIME I'LL BE FREE OF THEM! AND THEN--I'LL GET THAT DEED AND KEY WHERE I STUCK THEM! AFTER THAT--I'LL NEVER NEED WORRY AGAIN! IF THE OLD MAN WAS ON THE LEVEL!



DEFFER COUNTED THE MINUTES OF EACH DAY--SUFFERING AN AGONY OF WAITING--WAITING! HE SOUGHT EACH CORNER FOR THE GHASTLY DEAD SENTINELS, BUT THEY WERE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. AT LAST HE WAS RELEASED! HE WENT TO THE DEEDED HOUSE AND UNCOVERED THE STRONGBOX!



WITH HIS NEWLY-FOUND RICHES, CHARLEY DEFFER RENOVATED THE DEEDED HOUSE AND STEEPED HIMSELF IN UNACQUSTOMED LUXURY, BUT ONE UNSUSPECTING NIGHT...



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

--EMIL GLOSSIK! YOU'RE ALONE AND YOU WANT TO MEET ME TO GIVE ME A KEY TO ANOTHER STRONGBOX? YES--YES, I'LL BE THERE!



HE'S ALONE! THAT MEANS HE'S ESCAPED TOO! SO THE OLD GOAT IS STILL GIVING THINGS AWAY--!



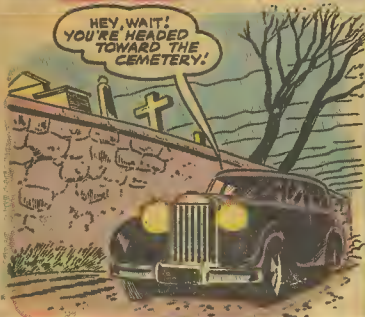
BUT CHARLEY DEFFER WAS WARY JUST THE SAME! AT THE APPOINTED RENDEZVOUS, HE WATCHED THE CAR FOR A LONG TIME, BEFORE HE DETERMINED THAT GLOSSIK WAS TRULY ALONE.

--GLOSSIK! I'M HERE! WHERE'S THE KEY?

COME IN QUICKLY! WE'LL DRIVE AWAY FROM HERE TO BE CERTAIN WE HAVEN'T BEEN FOLLOWED!



HEY, WAIT! YOU'RE HEADED TOWARD THE CEMETERY!



STOP! STOP! W-WHY CAN'T I SQUEEZE YOUR THROAT? STOP!!

IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!



--AIEEEEE! Y-YOU ARE A DEAD BEING NOW!

YES--I WAS AN OLD MAN AND THE NEW CUSTODIAN OF THE DEAD WAS DESIGNATED TO BE--YOU!



--AND SO IT WAS, THAT CHARLEY DEFFER FOUND HIS NICHE! HE WOULD RUMMAGE IN THE WORLD OF THE DEAD--A GHOUL TRAPPED BY HIS OWN AVARICE!

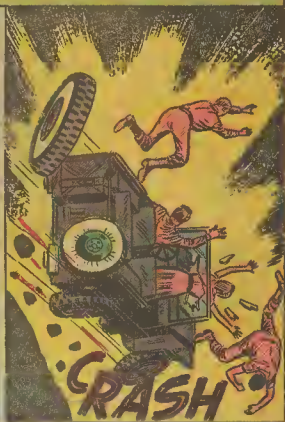
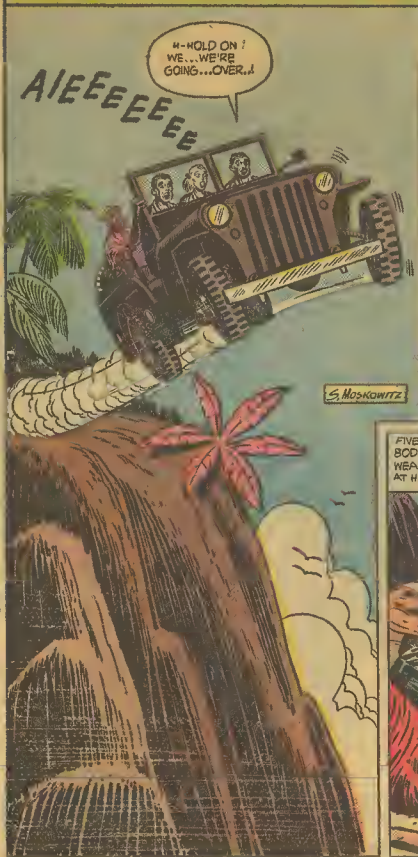




# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

WITH A SCREECH OF BRAKES AND THE AGONIZED WAIL OF TIRES SPINNING CRAZILY, THE JEEP CRASHED THROUGH THE MATTED UNDERBRUSH, ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE. IT POISED MOMENTARILY, THE FOUR PASSENGERS SHUDDERING WITH FEAR. THEN, DOWN THE FOG-CHOKED EMBANKMENT THE CAR HURTTLED---DOWN INTO THE...

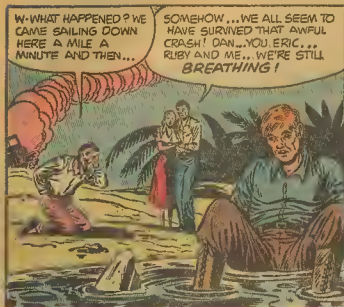
## VALLEY of SHADOW!



FIVE MINUTES OF DEADLY SILENCE, THEN ONE OF THE BODIES TWITCHED. ROLANO COMO'S EYES FLUTTERED WEAKLY AND, WITH A SHRIEK OF TERROR, HE TUGGED AT HIS WIFE, RUBY...



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THE MINUTES TICKED BY AS THE FOUR SURVIVORS STRUGGLED THROUGH THE EERIE FOG-SHROUDED VALLEY THEN-

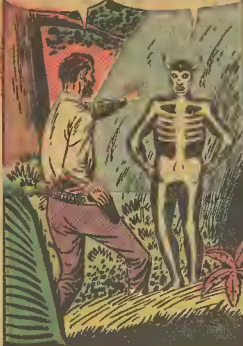




# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

NO ONE'S GONNA DECIDE MY FATE...NOT WHILE I'VE GOT A GUN TO SPEAK FOR ME!

YOU ARE FOOL! GUN WILL DO YOU NO GOOD...ONLY GRAND KABAH HAS FINAL WORD!



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, BUSTER! SEE IF THIS GRAND KABAH OF YOURS CAN SAVE YOUR LOUSY NECK!

NO GOOD, I TELL YOU... GUN WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!



T-THE...GUN...  
**ARGHHH!**



HE...HE'S BUTCHERED BEYOND RECOGNITION! HIS OWN GUN...THE ONE ERIC TOOK SUCH GOOD CARE OF!

WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE HERE... QUICK! THE GRAND KABAH AWAITS... HE WILL BECOME ANGRY!



I-I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MADE ERIC'S GUN BLOW UP LIKE THAT... BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP! I-I'M CLEARING OUT...RIGHT NOW!



YOU RUN TOWARDS DESTRUCTION, IDIOT! NO ONE WHO ENTERS THIS VALLEY CAN ESCAPE JUDGMENT BY THE GRAND KABAH!



I-T'S BLACK MAGIC...THAT'S WHAT IT IS! I'M GETTING OUT OF...THE GROUND, CRUMBLING UNDER MY FEET! I-I CAN'T HOLD MY BALANCE...

# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

H-HE'S HURTLING DOWN THAT EM-BANKMENT AS F...AS IF AN UNSEEN HAND WAS PULLING 'IM DOWN! AND THE ROCKS...DAN'S STARTED A **LANDSLIDE!**



H-HELP ME.... FALLING... FALLING!

WITH A SICKENING CRUNCH, A JAGGED BOULDER CRASHED INTO DAN BRITTON'S SKULL, SENDING HIM SPRAWLING HEAD-FIRST!

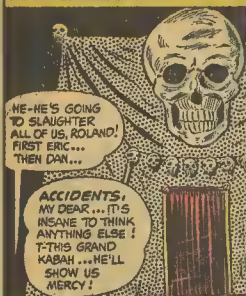


DAN BRITTON'S BODY SHUDDERED IN ITS DEATH-THROES, THEN SLUMPED GROTESQUELY ---HIS SHATTERED HEAD PLUNGED FORWARD INTO THE BLOOD-FLECKED POOL...



COME! THE GRAND KABAH WILL BE VERY ANGRY! HE MUST DECIDE YOUR FATE AT ONCE!

ROLAND AND RUBY COWO STAGGERED ON, CONVULSED BY DREAD AND APPREHENSION, SOON THEY SAW SOMETHING THAT SENT SPASMS OF TERROR SKIDDERING DOWN THEIR SPINES...



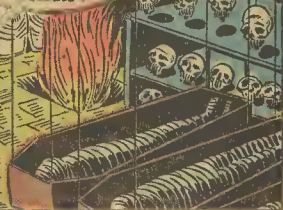
HE-HE'S GOING TO SLAUGHTER ALL OF US, ROLAND! FIRST ERIC... THEN DAN...

ACCIDENTS, MY DEAR... IT'S INSANE TO THINK ANYTHING ELSE! T-THE GRAND KABAH... HE'LL SHOW US MERCY!

C-COFFINS! IF WE STAY HERE WE'RE GOING TO BE MURDERED! THIS GRAND KABAH AND HIS HIDEOUS FOLLOWERS... THEY HAVE STRANGE POWERS



YOU... YOU'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF RUBY! T-THOSE PEOPLE ARE HUMAN... W-WHAT STRANGE POWERS CAN THEY POSSIBLY HAVE?



T-THEY'RE GOING TO TORTURE US! OUR ONLY CHANCE... RUN FOR OUR LIVES!



NO, RUBY... NO! W-WE MUST THROW OURSELVES ON THE MERCY OF THIS NATIVE CHIEFTAIN! WE MUST... DON'T... DON'T!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



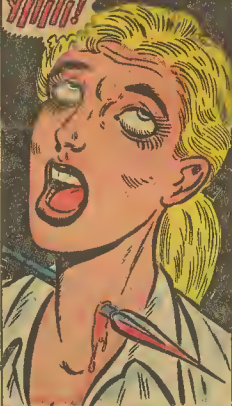
MYSTERICAL WITH FEAR, RUBY COMO RACED AWAY. SUDDENLY, HER FOOT PLUNGED THROUGH THE GRASS MATTING WHICH COVERED A CAVERNOUS HOLE DUG IN THE GROUND!

H-HELP...ROLAND...  
**HELPPPPP!**



HER WILDLY FLAILING ARMS STRUCK A TRIGGER-ROPE, PROPELLING A RAZOR-EDGED SPEAR FORWARD WITH BLINDING SPEED...

**Yippee!**

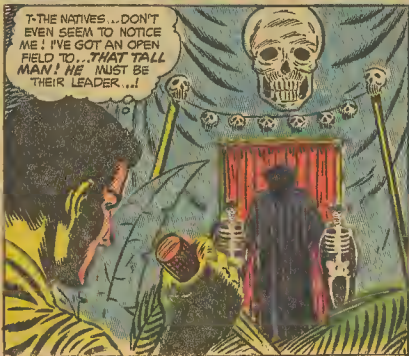


THE SKY DARKENED...AND ROLAND COMO BROODED SORROWFULLY OVER HIS WIFE'S CORPSE, SLOWLY HIS RAGE MOUNTED, AND TURNED TO SEETHING MADNESS...

T-THIS LOUSY CHIEFTAIN CURSED ERIC, DAN AND RUBY...SOMEHOW MADE FATAL ACCIDENTS TAKE PLACE! I...IM GONNA GET HIM BEFORE HE PUTS HIS DEADLY CURSE ON ME!



T-THE NATIVES...DON'T EVEN SEEM TO NOTICE ME! I'VE GOT AN OPEN FIELD TO...**THAT TALL MAN! HE MUST BE THEIR LEADER...**



T-THE GIANT... I-I'VE GOT TO KILL 'IM!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



T-THE KNIFE...  
IT'S FALLING  
TO THE GROUND!  
AND...AND  
THERE'S NO  
BLOOD WHERE  
I JAMMED  
THE BLADE!



I-IT CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING...  
IT'S A NIGHT-  
MARE...A  
HORRIBLE  
DREAM!

ONLY YOU HAD A  
CHANCE TO LIVE, FOOL  
...NOW YOU HAVE  
FORFEITED IT!



DIE,  
DOOMED  
ONE!

T-THAT FACE... I-I  
MUST BE LOSING MY MIND!  
AND THOSE HANDS...  
NOT NEAR ME, BUT... CH-  
CHOKING... CHOKING! N-NO!  
**ARGHHHH!**

AT THAT  
SAME  
MOMENT,  
ON THE  
FOGGY  
EDGE  
OF THE  
GROTESQUE  
VALLEY  
OF  
SHADOWS...

I-IT'S A MIRACLE... OUR  
ESCAPING WHEN THAT ROPE  
BRIDGE COLLAPSED! A THOUSAND  
FOOT DROP, AND NOT ONE OF US  
IS EVEN SCRATCHED!

ESCAPED TO WHAT? IN TWENTY  
YEARS OF LIVING IN THE JUNGLE  
I'VE NEVER SEEN *THIS* AREA!  
W-WHERE ARE WE?



LOOK...DOWN  
THERE! A  
JEEP!

G-GOT TO GET DOWN  
THERE RIGHT AWAY! MEBBE  
THERE ARE SOME  
SURVIVORS!



T-THE WRECK'S STILL  
SMOKING... MUST'VE  
HAPPENED JUST A  
MINUTE AGO!

THE ROAR WE THOUGHT WAS A  
WATERFALL... IT WAS THIS JEEP  
CRASHING DOWN HERE INTO THIS  
SPOOKY VALLEY!

# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

UGH! THE DRIVER'S FACE...  
SPLATTERED AS IF A CANNON  
BLEW UP IN FRONT OF HIM!



R-HERE'S ANOTHER ONE  
...MUST'VE BEEN THROWN  
CLEAR WHEN THE JEEP  
LANDED! POOR DEVIL  
MIGHT STILL BE LIVING IF  
HE HADN'T LANDED HEAD-  
FIRST IN THIS POOL OF  
WATER...AND  
**DROWNED!**



THIS DAME...SHE'S DEAD, TOO!  
FUNNY...A FREAK ACCIDENT!  
PIECE OF GLASS MUSTA BUSTED  
OUTA THE WINDSHIELD...PIERCED  
HER THROAT JUST LIKE A...LIKE  
A **SPEAR!**



HERE'S A FOURTH  
PASSENGER! QUEER  
...NOT A MARK  
ON 'IM!

SEE THE WAY HE'S CLUTCHING HIS THROAT?  
DIED OF HEART FAILURE, IF YOU ASK ME...  
THE SHOCK MUSTA BEEN TOO MUCH  
FOR 'IM



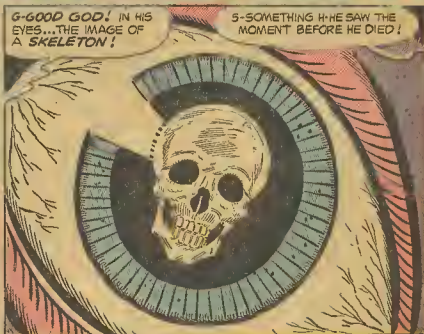
N-NOTHING WE CAN DO  
HERE...THEY ALL DIED  
**INSTANTLY!** LET'S  
GET OUTTA HERE...  
THIS PLACE IS  
CREEPY AS  
HELL!

W-WAIT! LOOK...  
LOOK AT THIS  
LAST ONE'S  
EYES!



G-GOOD GOD! IN HIS  
EYES...THE IMAGE OF  
A **SKELETON!**

S-SOMETHING H-HE SAW THE  
MOMENT BEFORE HE DIED!



THERE WAS A SOUND IN THE FOG-SHROUDED VALLEY, AND THE TWO  
MEN WHIRLED. A CREATURE WEARING A BLACK GARMENT STEPPED  
FORWARD. THE MACABRE SYMBOL OF DEATH WAS PRINTED ON THE  
GROTESQUE ROBE!



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Only



Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only \$1.00.



**ROPE TRICK**—Cut it in half, yet it is still in one piece and other surprises—yours only with this offer.



**GRAVITY**—Defies scientific laws. Seeing is believing. You'll fool them plenty when you know how.



**MAGIC MIRROR**—Spectators will be amazed. With it you read cards, without even looking at them.



**FLYING QUARTER**—Here's one you can do over and over again and make all the guessers look foolish.

### You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear... imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling... BUT... the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions and no one will ever catch on.

### No Experience Necessary

The illustrated instructions furnished are so simple you will master all these tricks at once. It's fun practicing too... for here you have a short cut to magic learning that starts you doing tricks right away. You can't go wrong... It's as easy as A, B, C's. AND... the set of 20 exclusive tricks is almost a gift at this limited offer price of \$1.00.

### 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You'll agree this 20 piece Magic Set is worth much more than our bargain price of \$1.00; and it is. We want new friends for our other novelty bargains. We want you to try the set, follow the instructions and if not 100% delighted, return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of your dollar. Act at once. Sorry, only three to a customer.



### ALL THESE 20 TRICKS INCLUDED

CUT AND RESTORED ROPE	HORSE AND RIGOR
FAMOUS PAOOLE TRICK	CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET
RING ON STRING	MIRACLE COIN TRICK
VIS ESCAPE	QUESTION MARK
MAGIC PINS	GRAPPLERS
RING AND COIL	TWISTER TRICK
GRAVITY OEFYER	MASTER CARD LOCATION
MAGIC MIRROR	PLUS 5 CUT-OUT TRICKS

And special illustrated secret instruction booklet.

### RUSH COUPON — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. M314  
35 Wilbur St. Lynbrook, N.Y.

Rush my Baffling Magic Outfit on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name

Address

☐ Send G.O.O. I will pay postman \$1 on delivery plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1 for my MAGIC OUTFIT. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

# NOW FLY LIKE A BIRD

## With Wings Made From The Original Sketch of Leonardo Da Vinci's Flying Wings!

Now any adventure loving boy can build Da Vinci's flying wings with just ordinary carpenter's tools.

### OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME

People said it couldn't be done but Leonardo went right ahead and built the wings and then carted them to a nearby hill and took off! What happened is excitingly told in **THE BIRDMAN**, The Story of Leonardo Da Vinci. See the actual original sketch Leonardo used to build his flying wings with just ordinary tools.

### EXTRA SPECIAL TREAT

Also in **THE BIRDMAN**: The diagram of the parachute which Leonardo invented. Yes, you too can make a parachute out of cloth and string by just following Leonardo's drawing.



## MAIL COUPON NOW

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. W425

113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

I want to try **THE BIRDMAN** 10-days. I will deposit with postman only 98¢ plus postage. After trying 10-days I may return **THE BIRDMAN** for a full refund of the purchase price.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check if you enclose 98¢, Stravon pays postage. Same refund.

### EXCITING — THRILLING

Whether you build the flying wings, the parachute or other of Leonardo's inventions, one thing is sure, you will enjoy the exciting and thrilling story, **THE BIRDMAN**, which is illustrated in color with the kind of pictures you like to look at. You don't have to buy **THE BIRDMAN** which is only 98¢ because you can send for it for a 10-day trial and if you don't get a real kick out of **THE BIRDMAN** the cost will be nothing.

SEND NO MONEY... I'll pay

# HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

## IT'S EASY TO HYPNOTIZE...

*when you know how!*

Want the thrill of imposing your will over someone? Of making someone do exactly what you order? Try hypnotism! This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction. You'll find it entertaining and gratifying. **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** shows all you need to know. It is put so simply, anyone can follow it. And there are 24 revealing photographs for your guidance.

### SEND NO MONEY

FREE ten days' examination of this system is offered to you if you send the coupon today. We will ship you our copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, return it in 10 days and your money will be refunded. Stravon Publishers, 113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.



## Mail Coupon Today

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. W425  
113 West 57th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Send **HOW TO HYPNOTIZE** in plain wrapper.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.98. Send postpaid.

If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Canada & Foreign—\$2.50 with order

# GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



## SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

No Skinny Scare-Crow for me!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight\* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY \$1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight.

Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and he ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want SKINNY on our team!



## SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

## MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 189

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST





Mrs. Ruth Long

# Friends! Here's How To Get AT Almost **NO COST**

## Your **NEW** Real, LIVE **MINIATURE DOG**

I'll be happy to send you without you paying a penny, this lovable, young, miniature DOG that is so tiny when even fully grown you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks . . . active, healthy, intelligent and clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. LIMIT of 2 to any one person. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with each picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons to hand out free. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.



Supply Limited

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Please GIVE ME A HOME

MRS. RUTH LONG  
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I would like to receive the miniature dog. Please send me premium letter and 2 coupons to hand out free.

Color Eyes  Color Eyes

Color Hair  Color Hair

Name

Address

City  State

**DEAN STUDIOS**

Dept. X-374, 211 W. 7th St.  
Des Moines 2, Iowa

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